

2^d
Passion Eurazie

OR;
SELECT POEMS:

BEING

A Compendious and Methodical Remonstrance of such Passages in *England*, as have been most remarkable, as well before as since His

GLORIOUS MAJESTIES
Most Happy and Joyfull
RESTAURATION.

By J. P. Cantabr.

*— redi viva Monarchia floret
Quippe Britannorum Jubilæus adfuit Annus.*

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SELECTED

18-



To the Reader.

THough I have journey'd (as each harsh line tells)
Scarce through the Suburbs where choyce learning dwells,
Yet since mens fury and our Plagues do cease,
And Love doth blossom on the stems of Peace,
Let these distil'd extracted dews engage
A relish in the palate of this Age ;
Till larger Vyols full be brought at last,
Whereof this piece is serv'd up for a tast ;
'Tis the Primitiæ of mine unripe years,
The tree is known best when its fruit appears.

J. P.

1870

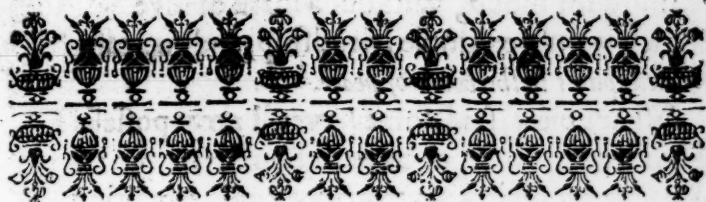
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*A brief Relation of many horrid passages
of the Rebels, and distress of Loyal Sub-
jects, since the beginning of the late Warres
in England; and likewise of the Nati-
onal Changes before his Gracious Ma-
jesties providential and happy Restoration.*

UNpolisht lines shew not those splendent Rayes
Of Britaines glorious State, * in former dayes, * (that is)
before the
Warres.
Nor can I shew, since fate did cloud our blifs,
Englands most dismal * Metamorphosis;
I can't define those cruel Murderers
Unless I write in bloody Characters,
I must implore *Melpomene* to come
To act a part and write those Traitors doom,
To point out marks and then survey the bounds
Of each mans Conscience fill'd with blood and wounds.

* (that is)
since the
Wars be-
gan.

Our Joy the fates to brinish tears did turn,
When judgement perisht then 'twas time to mourn;

Men rag'd like wolves in ev'ry field and grove
 Waiting for blood, without a spark of love
 Which would enkindle friendship, and encrease
United spirits in the bonds of peace.

What's piety, said some! wee'll now possess
 The Land by force, or by perfidiousness :
 What perjurd villaines treach'ry could not bring
 Their swords accomplish, made their *Martyr'd King*
 Like a *John Baptist* ; *Englands bleeding heart*
When Englands head was off, did feel the smart :

Our fruits were blasted, brambles grew alone
 Instead of Cedars, in our *Lebanon*.
 Vineyards and palaces lay desolate,
 No pen could write, no tongue our grief could rate ;
 As fountains flow, blood gushed from our wounds,
Grief knew no limits, Sorrow knew no bounds.

Our Church defac'd, divested of its beauty,
 As if mens zeal oblig'd them and their duty,
 Forc't them t' assume that monstrous privilege,
Abhorring Idolls, but not Sacrilege.

It'h midst of tortures, and distracting cares
 They stroy'd each page of all our publick prayers,
 Hoping to bring our souls into a thrall ;
 But yet in private with a silent call,
 Each prayer went up to th' Heavens, and did cause
 Our *David sav'd from Bears and Lions paws.*

What foul corrupt and treacherous disguise
 Did cloak their horrid acts ? what villanies

Did lurk within them, varnish'd ore with many
 Fine gilded words? Nay there remain'd not any
 Of that base crew, which did not alwaies bear
In one part Honey, and a Sting elsewhere.

They most rebelliously did disenthroned
 Their *Soveraign King*: in him they have pluckt down
 True Honours staff, Religions prop and gem,
His Scepter ruin'd, and his Diadem.

They butcher'd him, they brought him to the Bar,
 As if hee'd been some Thief or Murderer.
 The *Royal Prosapie* they quite exil'd
 When *Charles* the First was martyr'd, and then styl'd
Angliæ Tyrannus. I may fitly call
All smooth-tongu'd Traytors, Honey mixt with Gall.

How could men act such horrid things? We see
 What treach'rous Infidels these worldlings be.
 Base rebels rul'd the Land, all that seem'd good
Lay then entomb'd in Sepulchres of blood.

Thus *Naboths* blood was treacherously shed,
 And curs'd *Ahab* after he was dead
 Enjoy'd his vineyard, but 'tis well known how
 Providence soon rang the changes here below
 And whisper'd chearful tydings to the world,
Cromwel that perjur'd *Ahab* was soon hurld
 Into the earth, a place prepar'd of old
To tame his rage, and keep his fury cold.

Our proverb here, as 'twas in *Babylon*,
 Shall be, *How is the Oppressor ceas'd and gone?*

Then we perceiv'd that place fulfil'd, which sayes,
No bloody man shall live out half his dayes.

Cromwel
 dies and his
 sons usurp
 the King-
 doms.

No sooner th' old one dies but young ones come
 To take possession in their Fathers Room,
 But England still did want its lawfull King
Some rise, some fall, and thus the changes ring.

Then there
 was a De-
 mocracy,
 such a Go-
 vernment
 where ma-
 ny rule.

When those were ruin'd, then some had, we know
A Common Wealth but we a common wo.
 Thus we see Plagues and Warres are but the keys
Unlocking doors to further Miseries.

Meaning
 Sir George
 Booth, Sir
 Thomas
 Middle-
 ton, &c.

* Then did a *Blazing Star* ith' West appear
 Whose splendid lustre made our hemisphere
 Almost a Paradise: some thought the Sun
 Exchang'd his wonted course, and had begun
 Ith West to rise; all they that lov'd the Crown,
 Rather then have the *True old Cause* go down,
 Joyntly resolv'd they'd for it live and die;
 For Earls, Lords, Knights, the whole Nobility
 VVere gather'd to a head, in hopes to tame
 The rebells fury and so winne the game,
 But their swords edge was turn'd, all hopes did fail,
No strength, no prayers, no wishes could prevail.

Justly might *dayly bread* be given to none
 That cannot truly say, *Thy will be done.*
 Our grief o're night was sent to give us warning
To be prepared to meet joy in the morning.

For then the blustering North wind cold and fierce
 Shaking the pillars of our Universe

Did

Did drive the storms and dissipate each cloud,
 VVherein the bloody Rebels sought to shroud:
 VVhen trouble came in metamorphiz'd times,
But Heaven no longer would permit their crimes.

The Lord
 General
 Monk
 Duke of
 Albemarle
 did then
 rise in Scot-
 land,

No sooner clouds dispers'd but there appears
 A star i'th' North then we cast off all fears,
 And by it guided straitway go to meet
 Charles wayne with joy, all the noble fleet:
 Our glory in the VVest did set with th' Sun,
What Zephyrus could not Boreas hath done.

That is the
 Lord
 Monk.

Now this rebellious crew in vaine may call
 For Atlas or Mount Gargarus to fall
 And cover them, can man himself defend?
If sin beginneth sorrow makes an end.

A thousand worlds, what's that? can that condole,
 Or pay a ransom for a Traitors soul?
 They can't convey themselves from Heavens view
In spite of all that Hell or Earth can do.

Each one reproacht by th' open world appears
 Perplext with grief and labyrinths of tears,
 Their present blifs did future wo portend,
 They were but fatted for a slaught'rous end.
 The sword vvas furbusht, and the trumpet sounds
 Blood, blood, and death by terrifying vounds,
 And vvhhen they have receiv'd their fatal doom
 Judge you what Epitaphs will fit their tombe;
 They that escape the thunderbolts of wo
 Will followv them on earth where ere they go;

The

The darts of envy, stings of all disgrace
And vengeance ushers them in every place.

The time will likewise come at last when they
 Shall to the wandering souls become a prey,
 Though their fields were not like Mount Gilboa
 Accurst, nor turn'd into a Golgotha;

Ez. x. 11.
36. 17. Yet was their Crown * thrice overturn'd, and then
 Restor'd again unto the best of men,
 Whose right it is; although none other things
 Could quench their thirst, unless the blood of Kings,
 And banishment to recompence their Love,
 Although the Serpent snar'd the modest Dove,
 Though *England* was like a *Jerusalem*,
 A second *Sodom*, though our *Diadem*
 Lay dash't upon the ground, we made their food
 That built their Cities up with sacred blood;

Yet now once more wee'll shout for joy, and sing
 With Lute & Harp; since CHARLES our gracious King
 Hastes to the *British* shore, let Organs play,
 Let Trumpets sound, Bells ring, keep Holy-day.
 This *Monarchie* the world can't parallel,
 All candid virtues, Love and Friendship dwell
 In ev'ry corner of the persur'd Earth
 Garnisht with all the quintessence of mirth,
 Which ev'n as Cordials doe revive mens hearts,
 And all their faculties: Here is no darts
 Of hatred, malice, and of treacherie
 Shot to each other; But realitie

And

And true affection is the spotlesse Robe
Which decks this polisht, and effulgent Globe;

Each Loyal Subject renders just and true
Tribute to Caesar, Honour where tis due.

Thus in due time th' Almighty, when he pleases,
Heals all our wounds, and cures all our diseases:
He hath accomplisht our desires in peace,
Now doth the Rebels rage and our woe cease,
I knew our sorrows to our gain would tend,
As means accomplishing an happy end;
Floud-gates of joy are opend, and we know
Streams of felicitie on us shall flow.

England through bribes was ruin'd, but once more,
Our King by judgement shall our blisse restore.

The



The foregoing Copy

PARAPHRAS'D

Into a most

Compendious Rapture

IN a *Charybdis* lay this fatal Realm,
 A bloody Ocean did it overwhelm;
 We were made slaves to please mens crooked wills,
 Which said they'd heal us all with wholesome pills,
 And we, what game so ere was play'd, should win,
But yet their sweet baits had sharp hooks within.

Those horrid Plot-contrivers pleas'd to tearm,
 Their Agents Saints, and they themselves t' affirm
 The *Keepers of our Liberties*, 'tis true
 They kept them close, nay, imprison'd them too,
 So we could not enjoy them; they profess
 They walkt in paths of truth and righteousness;
 Yet had of Justice neither branch nor root,
Walk in't, that is, they tread it underfoot.

Most horrid villanies were in our City
 Wrought by a dang'rous, yet call'd *Safe Committee*.

Each

Each Supream Head was like the cunning fox,
Wolves were made shepherds t' oversee the flocks. (int?
 What strang game's this that Kings must not itay
 How is it possible that we should win't,
 When nothing's left but packs of crafty Knaves,
Pikes, clubs to kill's, and spades to dig our graves.

We that escaped all in *Booths* did dwell,
 When they were ruin'd by each infidel,
 Then we no longer could inhabit here
 Till Monck did like a Star ith' North appear
 Inlightning England, which so long had been
Dark as a dungeon, like a jayle within.

That *Blazing Comet* which did soare so high
 Seem'd to portend our future misery,
 But turn'd to *ignis fatuus* at last,
 The rav'ning pack of bloodhounds being fast
 Link't up with chaines, and others nooz'd with cords;
Thus ends the Glory of their upstart Lords.

That grand *Sorites* of those mercies we
 Receiv'd from heavens liberality
 Should ravish all our thoughts, and wean our joyes
From trivial objects, and inferior toys.

Now tyranny shall cease, and peace shall reign
 The wheel's turn'd round, and in its place again;
 For now their *Land-Lord's* come to's pleasant Mount,
 The *Steward* calls the Rebels to account,
 And since none dare his Majesty controul
Perfumes of pleasure do dilate my soul,

Fill'd with delight; an Exstasie of joy
Shall make men cry aloud, *Vive Le Roy.*



Upon His

GLORIOUS MAJESTIES

Most Happy Retyre into

ENGLAND.

L Et's bid adieu to that black dismal age
Wherein did murder and Rebellion rage,
Mars, Nero, Judas center'd all in * one
Who would have Britain made a Babylon.

(that is)
In Crom-
wel.

But now our stormy Winter's overpast,
Our sighs and tears turn'd into joy at last,
Our confus'd Chaos brought to a right line,
Our clouded blis doth now begin to shine,
Our figtrees bud, our clust'ring vines increase,
England first blossoms, then yeilds fruits of peace.

Our Jubilee returnes, our Glorious Lamp
Spreads its effulgent beams and doth encamp
Our rurall plaines, which the right Heir inherits;
These cordials add life to our dullest spirits.

Each

(II)

Each glittering Star, whose aspects like darts pierse
Our foggy aire and cloudy Universe,
Ushers the Sun in its Horizon, going
To meet Charles Waine with glory overflowing.

Hark how each Trumpet joyfull triumphs sounds,
Since Peace inhabits our rich *Edens* bounds
The silent Fishes wanton in the deep,
Wilde beasts wax tame, all fury's laid asleep,
The chirping Birds do with their warbling throats
Give such an *Empbas* to their sweet notes
As ravish Souls, all former hideous cries
Are chang'd into harmonious melodies,
Perfum'd with pleasure, sugar'd with delight,
Since Britains Glory now enjoyes his Right.

The florid Spring with liberal encrease
Augments our joy once more reviv'd in peace;
The lofty Mountains, Valleys, our whole Globe,
Compleatly deckt with a *Majestick Robe*;
All things do smile, since vertues sacred gem
Revives our late oppress'd *Jerusalem*.
In which few lines I must acknowledge this,
There's no Auxesis but a Meiosis.

Natures whole frame resolves to welcom home
Charles our Great Monarch, Joy of *Christendome*.
Whose merits claim an everlasting story,
Which is his own and also *Englands* Glory;
His Coronation day wee'll solemnize
With joyfull triumphs and *Doxologies*.

*Heav'ns prosper him with trophies of renown,
Then turn his earthly t' a celestial Crown.*



An Elegie upon the Death of that most eminent and Gracious Prince

HENRY Duke of GLOUCESTER.

Approach Melpomene, I must implore
Thine aid t' assist me to unlock the door
Of my imprison'd *Genius*, cold, benumm'd,
And slumb'ring in my half dead Corps entomb'd.

My brain's so frozen that it stops the stream
Of my affections, and an Icie cream
Doth Christallize my tears ; I sigh, I mourn,
And melt away as metals in an urne,
Perish I must like carcases enshrin'd
In monuments, unless I speak my minde.

Phœbus withdraws his beams, his race is run,
His course is finish'd, and no more our Sun
Sends forth its candid aspects, but doth call
The lesser lights t' attend his funeral.

Then pardon weakness, I must beg supplies
To be my conduct at such obsequies,
To guide my steps, whose infant years do want
A crutch to hold by ; I am bound to grant

That

That my dumb lips and tongue-tide wit affords
 Nothing but folly and abortive words,
 Therefore my Muse assist and help to rouse
 My drowsy faculties, and randivous
 My frozen fancy and disbanded spirits,
 Because he's dead whose vast unfathom'd merits
 Invite thy help to shew them to the world,
 That they may be recorded, and enrold
 In everlasting registers, for he
Did nere deserve a blot of Infamy;

Who mixt vvith tears vvould move an Adamant,
 Burden our souls vvhich as in travail pant.
 My mind's blockt up vvith grief, I can't restrain
 My soul from sorrow, nor my heart from pain;
 For vve were guided by that sparkling Starre
 As *Cynosures* direct each Mariner
 But ridged fate depriv'd us of those rayes
But yet we still can whisper out his praise.

He vv^{as} a model'd patern so divine,
 That all might square their actions to his line,
 His heart bedeckt vvith flourishes of Grace
 And beauties picture limned in his face;
 Nurst vvith the milk of sacred Eloquence,
 In's brain lay treasur'd vv^{it}; the quintessence
 Of heav'nly gifts vv^{as} center'd in that Gem
Whose vertues claim'd a costly Diadem.

My tongue must needs interpret all my fears,
 Mine eyes are limicks to extract my tears.

Since

Since pale fac'd Death surpriz'd and snatch away
 A Jewell deckt with wise *Apollo's* ray ;
 Judgements Grand *Atlas*, and support ; but sure
 That famous structure cannot long endure
 Whose chiefeft *Pillar's* fall'n; how soon are we
 Almost astonisht and amaz'd to see
 The hungry Earth swallow up the best of Men,
 All things that smil'd begin to mourn agen,
 The busy'd fowls began to build their nests,
 But now they shrowd their heads within their breasts,
 Each lesser bird recalls her pleasing note,
 And bids it harbour in her silent throat,
 Under each branch they rest, and there they grieve,
 Lament, and seem to wish they could relieve
Englands necessity, and want of him
 Whose death brought sorrow and made each eye dim,
 Drown'd in tears ; what soul would it not pierce
 To view a ruin'd Land, a Universe
 Clouded with folly ? Reason being dead
Our blest estate is metamorphos'd.
 Youngest die first, *Nature* and reason jarre,
Hysteron proteron seems irregular.

Nay all things chang their wonted course, the woods
 Cast of their florid vestures, and the floods
 Do sometimes rage, and then stand still to view
 How *Phæbus* is eclips'd, the earth would shew
 It self unwilling t' interr him whose breath
 Was stop't i'th morning of his age, by death,

How pale the Mountains look? how fierce and grim
 The craggy rocks appear? me thinks they seem
 To burst into a sweat; Had I my will
 I'd dye with grief like *Niobe*, and fill
 Thy tombe with tears; or had I *Argus* eyes
 Each one should help to weep thine obsequies;
 Thus men shall say, and give thee but thy due
Here lyes great Cæsar, and Mæcenæ too.

Though *Nature* strives to make me cast an oare
 Into my boat, and lanch out from the shoar
 Into a Sea of tears, yet *Reason* says
 Th' unruly waves shall cease, the fates shall raise
 No more shipwracking stormes; but shall conspire
 To make that brinish raging Sea retyre.

Wee'll not be still in Sorrow's bounds confin'd,
 Though some were martyr'd, some the earth inshrin'd
 Yet most choice souls still uphold the name
Renown'd and Crown'd with sempeternal fame.

Britains bright splendor shall not melt away;
 After a shower comes a clearer day,
 Retreats sometimes Death-like a trumpet sounds,
 And is most tragical with blood and wounds;
 But he whom we lament did live in peace,
 And so he dy'd whose blifs may never cease,
 For he that sent him will to him apply
A Crown of Glory to Eternity.

Shall we say, *Stay*, vvhhen Heaven bids him come?
 Or shall we murmur if Heav'n calls him home?

Oh

Oh no ! forbear, for he's not dead, but gone
To inhabit life and true perfection ;
 Here upon earth each ecchoing Bell doth toul,
 And sounds a farevvell to his pious soul ;
 In heav'n Cherubims vvith sweet Anthems cry
Welcome Choice soul, wee'll sing thy Lullaby.

Shall vve be griev'd or sorrowfull at this,
 Because he's crownd'd vvith everlasting blifs,
 And freed from this perverse vvorlds slavish fears,
 From anguish, sorrow, and distracting cares ?
 Shall vve dispaire ? can't Providence afford
Blessings more choice by speaking half a word ?

No fears shall therefore my firm hope destroy,
 Neither anticipate my future joy :
 Blame me not, Reader, if I rather chuse
To close this Poem with a chearful Muse.

AN EPITAPH

Upon the most Illustrious Prince

HENRY Duke of *GLOCESTER*.

Within this Monumental fabrick lies
 A pearl whose rayes did dazle each mans eyes.
 Whose vigorous Lustre did extract and draw
 The subtill Vapours from our heads, and thaw
 Each Frozen brain, whose Icie drops did turn
 To tears, to fill each Vacuum of this Urne.
 In him was Virtues microcosme heapt,
 In him A lustrea Courts of Justice kept:
 'Cause his unparallel'd endowments were
 Perfum'd with Heav'nly odours, and too rare,
 Too great, too good to beautifie this Nation,
 Therefore did he remove from's Earthly Station,
 To dwell' mongst Cherubims, that Glorious Train,
 For he that sent him, call'd him back again.

Palma repressa resurgit.

D

AN



AN ELEGY

Upon the Death of that most Renowned
and Virtuous Lady

MARY Princeſſe of AURANGE.

OUR ſaſhy ſparks of joy are quencht with tears,
My ſoul embarkt with grief, like *Atlas*, bears
A Firmament of ſorrow ; wee'll no more
Anchor our leaking Veſſels near the ſhore,
But ruſh into the gulf, and there ſhall lye
The Muſes flames of Ingenuity,
Striving with boyſt'rous waves ; yet if Heav'n pleaſe
To fuel them with Faith which may appeaſe
All wrath, and make us unto bliſs arrive,
Then ſhall triumphant joy once more revive.

But ſince my tears are broacht, I can't refrain
From ſighs, 'tis hard to bridle and refrain
The courſe of Nature, Is the *Phœnix* gone
From our *Arabia*, leaving us alone
Like *Pelicans* in deſerts ? ſhe's inſhrin'd,
But leaves her fragrant ſpices ſtill behind,

There

There was in her a pearly Cabinet,
 A costly Treasury in order set
 With pure refined sweets, enricht with gems,
And garnisht with enamel'd Diadems.

I mean her sacred gifts, transcendent merits,
 Who now eternal joy and blifs inherits :
 Wee'll keep the records of her memory,
And own all virtue as her Progeny.

Me thinks I hear the thundring Heavens groan,
 The whisp'ring air doth breath sighs, and bemoane
 The worlds lamented losse : methinks I hear
Each groan with echoes doubled in mine ear.

A Cloudy darknesse over shades our Globe,
 The skie divested of each Starry Robe,
 Each spangled dazling Lamp, in black appears,
Heav'n seems to mourn, and shewres down its tears.

The more I weep, thole tears which I effuse,
 Water the Garden of my dolefull Muse;
 And all my dry'd-up faculties do nourish, rish)
 ('Tis known all water'd Plants will spread and flou-
 Therefore I Journey further, and my Quill,
Though weary, makes a further progresse still.

I can't detract my thoughts, I must retain
 A true Idea of her in my brain ;
 Whose dust shall be dissected into pure,
 Nay golden Atomes ; who 'mongst men can cure
 Great Britains wounds, or bring a remedy
 To a diseased Widdow'd Monarchy,

VVhose feeble head can scarce bear up the Crown;
 Two branches of our *Lawell* are blown down
 By Heavens breath, which doth another bring
Out of that flock where blooming virtues spring.

Thus we see how the scales of Providence
 VVeigh out each mortalls fate, which humane sense
 Cannot foresee: all honours, riches, health,
 Consume and vanish as it were by stealth;
 Fame is a shadow, each accomplishment
Is but a separable Accident.

Therefore let's trust in him who can turn gall,
 VVo'es, Plagues, and chaf't'nings to a cordial;
 Wee'll Wave the Ocean of grief and fears,
 The flux and reflux of this Sea of tears,
 For now methinks the circled Rainbow sayes,
Our tears shall not another deluge raise.

She wading through a Brinish Sea, went where
 She now doth shine in a *Seraphick* Sphere;
 She pass'd the lower *Olympick* *Pyramis*,
 Toth' *Empyreum* with transcendent blis;
 Let's with *Sabeian* incense Crown her *Hearse*,
Whose spreading fame perfumes the Universe.



A P O E M

*Concerning those Fanatick Contrivers of the
late Horrid and Bloody Plots against his*

SACRED MAJESTY, &c.

Being Providentially discovered and prevented.

What still perplex with Rebels? what? still
In sorrow's chains? lay balsome to the wound;
And fix a period to our soul-piercing woe;
Can florid Roses bud, or Cedars grow
Where thornes and brambles are? the choaking weeds
Devour'd the Crop, and spoyl'd the choicest seeds.

But now wee'l fan and winnow Chaff from Corn;
None but selected Flowers shall adorn
Our Polisht Eden; all the spurious race
Shall be cut off, or banisht with disgrace.

VVe from a *British*, they a *Brutish* line
Deduce their Pedigree; we must refine
Such drossy mettals; It a hazzard were
For us to dwell where Asps and Scorpions are.

Though

Though you pretend, and Piety professe,
Your Actions say you're gilded Rottenesse.

You seem'd to be adorn'd, as if you were
 Gods Servants, with his Livery, but are
 Like Hypocrites with Leopards spots, and blurs,
Like whited walls, and painted Sepulchres.

Thieves, Rebels, Murderers, will soon be ganging
 To ruine those that sav'd them first from hanging:
 Ingratefull Worldlings! did our teeming Earth
Give to this sordid Hell-bred crew a Birth?

Could you expect your fury long should last,
 Whose Wind-mill-brains are turn'd with ev'ry blast?
 And like the Weather-cock with ev'ry wind;
 Who for your wav'ring and unconstant mind,
 With all your Treacherous dealings, i'le compare
 To Janus, and Chamelions in the aire.

That Honour which you to your King professe,
 Your hearts allow not, but your tongues expresse:
 How can you Plot such curld Villanie
 •Gainst him, when none's so mercifull as he?
 Is this th' requital you on him bestow,
 VWho might have lookt with a severer brow?
 But scornes revenge, obeying him that sayes,
Vengeance is mine, I'll recompence their wayes.

Methinks I see in your fierce Crueltie,
 Insulking Herods bloody Tyrannie.
 You Sware you'll ruine Church, and State withall,
 Never were Murd'ers so Tyrannical.

Slaying

Slaying Men, Women, Children, who but them
 Should make the world a stroy'd *Jerusalem*?
 So they might but their Sov'raign dis-inthroned,
They'd crosse the torrid, and the frozen Zone. (winds)

They'd fear no swallowing gulfs, nor blasting
 No storms nor tempests should disturb their minds;
 They'd bridle Fortune, and beat back the thunder,
Batter stone walls, burst iron chains in sunder.

But Providence, and Heav'n's impartial eye
 Would not bring us to such Adversitie:
 Their fiery darts are Quencht, each Temple stands
Not yet destroy'd by Sacrilegious hands.

Their horrid Plots are crost, curst and confounded,
 Their hopes are Shipwrackt, all their Forces wounded:
 This dismal, Hellish Plot that's now betray'd,
 Was but a noozing snare which they had laid
 To catch themselves, who now may weep and howl,
 Like *Perillus* in's Brazen Ball; their soul
 May grieve to think how all their winged fame
 Is fled away, and now their Noyesome name,
 Odious to all men, must for ever be
Branded with Characters of Infamy.

When *Overton* is Overtur'd, and all
 The rest that have been most Tyrannicall,
 Then wee'll rejoyce in truth and peace; wee'll render
True Loyalty to our true Faiths Defender.



In reditum Serenissimi Regis nostri

CAROLI II.

Felicissimè reducis.

Aureum tandem properavit ævum,
 Quisq; prestanti procreatur astro,
 Fata subrident meliora nobis
 Fronte politâ;

Dissipat Sidus Boreale nubes,
 Turpium crassos scelerumq; nimbos,
 Stricta vaginis latitant atrocis
 Tela ruinæ.

Lauriger Phœbus radias micantes
 Sparsit in cunctos alacres Britannos;
 Interit Sevus Nero: jam crueris
 Flumina stagnant.

Sponte, Neptunus pelagi furentis
 Rector, Inspicet fidei tenaci,

Turbidis

*Turbidis nondum Gelida tumescant
Fluctibus undæ.*

*Nostra Regalis fugiat carina
Prorsus ingentes scopulos; nec ipse
Naufragus sit Rex Carolus serena
Gloria mundi.*

*Dirigat Nautam Cynosura fulgens,
Obrutus nec sit graviore Syllâ,
Merfa nec forsan rapidâ Charybdæ
Inclita puppis.*

*Æolus ventos reprimat minaces,
Voce diffundant tacitâ susurros;
Affluat nobis pretiosa velis
Aura secundis.*

*Sit throno noster Carolus beatus,
Aureum dextro positumq; sceptrum;
Sit stolis cultus, caput & corusco
Stemmata cinctum.*

*Pace tunc omnes placidâ triumphent,
Quisq; tunc plaudens statuât trophæa:
Belluæ gaudent volucresq; amicti
Gramine montes.*

*Terra, florentes inarata fruges
 Pinguis, ut gramen segit mæ fundet,
 Incidat Nemo miseri cruento*

Gurgite damni.

*Splendidus nunc sol nitidè resurgit;
 Nobiles sanè meritò remordent
 Perfidos, ut pax modò Gente nostrâ:*

Florida regnet.



Est Deus in monte.

T*Urgida cùm rapidos commovit turbatumultus,
 Iram cùm fastu stygiam vomuere tumentis,
 Dextram protendit Rector radiantis Olympi,
 Fulminis fortune jactans, rutilisq; sagittis.
 Vulnere dispersos fatali perdidit hostes;
 Nec pestes patitur posthac, regnante tyranno.*



Est Deus in Monacho.

S Tellato Numen Monachum splendore coronet,
 Quodd, quæ decrevit, peragit miracula, Cælum;
 O mihi post nullos hæc os memorande! manebit
 Prorsus in æternum meritò Indelebile nomen.
 Stridula vivaces cantabunt organa laudes,
 Laurigeri stirpis nunquam monumenta peribunt.



Est Deus in Monarcho.

Vivat Rex, regnet Carolus quasi Magnus Apollo;
 Ac vigeat sceptrum; vortex Diademate cinctus
 Fulgeat; Et Libani fructus, florèsq; vireſcent;
 Florida purpurei frondeſcent gramina veris,
 Aurea profundis jactantur minera gazis
 Quippe triumphantem decoravit Gloria **REGEM.**



Upon his
GRACIOUS MAJESTIES
Most Joyfull and Glorious
CORONATION.

WERE my lips sweld in drops of *Helicon*,
And delug'd in those streams, this Theme alone
Would drink the watery dewes, though they were all
Gloß'd with their tincture and Rhetoricall.

Now since our tedious gloomy winters frowns,
And storms of woe are gone, the spring-time Crowns
Our works with vernal smiles; the day is come
That gives *Great Britains* Crown a wellcome hope
T' its Royal Seat, with such pomp, lustre, glory;
As th' amaz'd world may ground each losy story
Upon that *Thesis*, which I can't erect
Within the confines of mine intellect.

Much lesse expressly shew what Gallantry
Usheers and Guards his Sacred Majesty
At this great dayes Solemnities; each gem
And rubie shines in's pearly Diadem.

Attendants

Attendants do their brandishments display,
 As if they had surpriz'd Jove of 's array;
 How can my mean endeavours then aspire
 The Culmen of that richly wrought attire? (bounds
 Nor can my towering thoughts span those vast
 Of this dayes matchlesse splendor, which redounds
 To Englands Glory; my Quill can't explain
 The radiant lustre of that Noble Train,
 But should my barren pasture yield no fruit,
Well might I be recorded for a Mute.

Showres ore night clear'd Heavens face, that then
 It might send brighter aspects unto men;
 As soon as night took vving and fled away,
 The morn avvak'd and budded into day,
 Then th' early Larks, and all the vvarbling Quire,
 Did sing melodious Anthems, and inspire
 With harmony that Great dayes timely birth,
Whose shrill-tongu'd ecchoes over-flow'd the Earth.

A Description
 of the
 weather.

Then did *Aurora* vwith her morning smiles,
 Open her Rosie casements to these Isles,
 And in the Peoples Universal viewv,
Unlockt her Cabinet of Rubies too.

Then *Sol* (vvhose heat and vigour rarifies
 The mistlie fogs, and clears the cloudy skies)
 Shot all his rayes to crispe the fizled air,
All that day long he rode in's stately Chair.

The skie did need no beauty-spots to grace
 Add shevv the lustre of its smiling face;

Nor

Nor did it wear a Mask, but when 'twas late,
 Jove call'd a Synod, and the Heavens sat
 In Counsell, then immediately did joyn
 In triumphs with us, and the chearfull Nine,
 Th' *Olympick* sphears were put in tune, to show
 How thunder answer'd our great guns below,
 Whole intermixed Volleys, and shrill tones,
 Were not like dolefull murmurings and groanes;
 Light'nings were Heavens Bone-fires to our view,
All things did triumph, and had Trephies too.

Since Supreme providence hath made Peace rise,
 Let not the Adamantine destinies
 Send us Usurping Tyrants any more,
To gild their Swords in Royal Blood and Gore.

If Iron Scepters come to rule agen, (men.
 Swords points must write the Tragick Dooms of
 But Heavens grant those dayes may never come,
To lead our Christian Kings to Martyrdome.

Now wee'll wipe all our floating tears away,
 Shall their drops count each minute of the day?
 No, nor impetuous Rebellion rage,
 Nor swell hereafter, for our golden age
 Yields bloomy joyes; that day of Coronation
 Shall be observ'd throughout each Generation:
*The rest I leave for others to rehearse,
 Gracing the Fabrick of the Universe.*

FINIS.

